



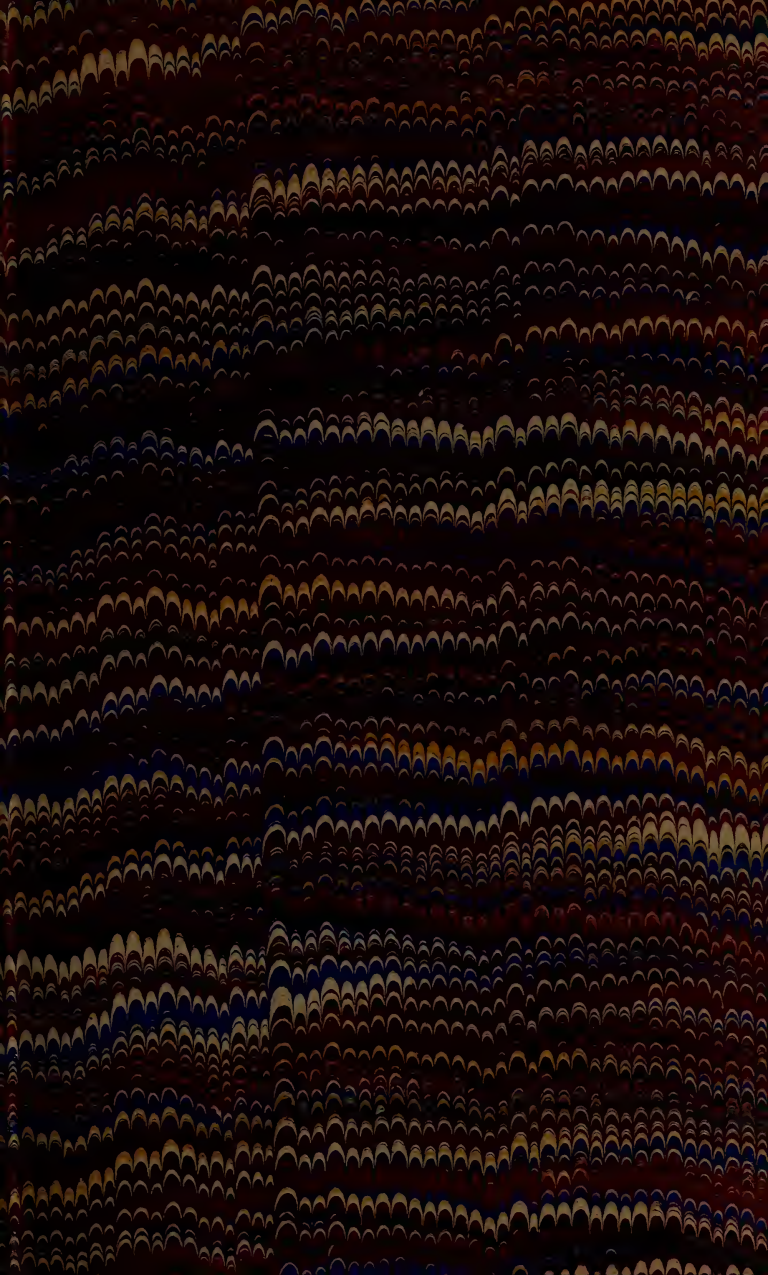
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Anna
P O E M S,

BY

FREDERICK THORNHILL, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION.



Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam.
Nulla venenato est litera mista joco.

OVID.

———— Ego apis matineæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum —————

HOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR AND PUBLISHED BY T. JONES,
GREAT ST. HELEN'S;
AND SOLD BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER ROW;
MILLAR, BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

—◆—
1814.
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1814

HAMBLIN AND SEYFANG, PRINTERS,
GARLICK-HILL, THAMES-STREET,

TO
THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THE
TENDER ELEGANCE OF WHOSE WRITINGS
CAN ONLY BE SURPASSED BY THEIR
SUBLIMITY;

THESE POEMS
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

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POEMS.

TO ROSA,

ON HER APPREHENSIONS THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD
SUFFER MUCH FROM CRITICAL SEVERITY.

——— Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem

Mittite.

VIRG. ÆN. 1. VER. 206.

OH ! what's the critics' wrath to me,
What care I for their stern decree?
Let them pronounce my lines bespeak,
A head romantically weak ;
Where reason's lost in passion's sway,
Nearly dissolv'd in love away !

Why should I mourn their saying this,
Since it can't damp one burning bliss,
Which those luxurious feelings give
For which alone I wish to live;
No more than they possess the pow'r
To lengthen out one blissful hour ?
And trust me, sweet, I'd rather trace
One beauteous form, one lovely face,
By stealth by day, by stealth by night,
Scanning my pages with delight ;
Now bright'ning them with smiles sincere,
Now dimming them with pity's tear—
I'd rather view one amorous swain
Dwell fondly on my loving strain ;
And with the glowing zeal of youth,
Light at my page the torch of truth,
Culling some sweet romantic thought,
Full of the theme with which he's fraught ;
To forward to the lovely fair,
Who's all his hope, who's all his care—
I'd rather view my humble lay
Thus bid the passions wildly play,
Than have the critics' labour'd art
More extacies of praise impart,

Than could befit the sweetest song
That ever Fancy pour'd along.
And, oh ! dear girl ! since such my choice,
Think how my bosom must rejoice,
Regarding all their efforts light,
My buds of poësy to blight ;
To have that form, impress'd with mind,
To all my hopes and fears resign'd ;
To know thy cheek of lovelier red,
Than e'er Aurora's blushes spread,
Now by the tale of passion won,
Gleams brighter than the setting sun ;
Now changing with the chang'd delight,
Pale as the white-rob'd Queen of night ;
Yes, ROSA, yes ; to know thy sighs,
In union with thy melting eyes ;
To know those smiles which Cupid gave,
That whom you wound you still may save ;
To know obedient to my call
Their services my lays enthrall ;
Does to my heart more pleasure give,
Than tho' my page should ever live,
And stamp, thro' future times, my name
With even an immortal fame.

TO REFLECTION.

HENCE! avaunt! Reflection rude!
Who, dispos'd in sullen mood,
Looks with discontented eye,
On each varied scene gone by,
Whether clouded by distress
Or brightly deck'd in Pleasure's dress;
Scowling that the gloomy shade
Should have ever been display'd;
Scowling that the dazzling hue
Should have ever shrunk from view;
Still deeply whelm'd in poignant grief
For what admits of no relief.

But, oh! come, Reflection mild,
Ne'er by idle aims beguil'd;

Who art anxious to explore
Thoughtful memory's mingled store;
That, while pouring forth the tear,
When distressful scenes appear ;
That, while darting pleasure's smile,
When enchanting scenes beguile;
I may mark the errors vast,
Which have overspread the past ;
I may mark where honor's name,
Has receiv'd its sacred claim ;
And may thus be truly taught,
Vice with woe is ever fraught ;
And may feel that virtue's pow'r
Gilds with rapture every hour ;
And, yielding to her glorious reign,
May never, never, err again.

THE CONTRAST.

Ὅ δ' εἰς τὸ σάφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἀγωνέως,
 Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν.

EURIP.

As in a soft luxurious shade
 I lay and chid the lagging hours,
 Which kept me from the blooming maid
 Of sweet Palermo's sweetest bow'rs ;

As deep I quaff'd bright fancy's stream,
 Drunk with imagination's sway,
 I sunk into as strange a dream
 As e'er was fram'd in Poet's lay.

Methought the moon at length appear'd,
 And lighted up the blissful scene,
 Where soon the lovely nymph endear'd,
 Outrivall'd Beauty's lovely Queen.

But how shall I attempt to paint
The spotless veil that o'er her hung?
It seem'd as if some heav'nly saint
A heav'nly garb had o'er her flung!

At first I stood oppress'd with awe,
But, soon impell'd by passion's fire,
I dar'd aside the veil to draw,
With all the warmth of young desire.

Oh! that I ever sought such view!
For, ah! no more her beauties shone,
While all the graces from her flew,
And left a wasted form alone!

Now loath'd disease with racking pain,
Assail'd the nymph on every side;
And Pity, with her scornful train,
The wretched victim dar'd deride.

And now with phrenzied smiles she sips
The draught of death to cure her woe,
While curses burst from those sweet lips,
Whence nought but blessings us'd to flow.

Distracted at the dreadful sight,
I rous'd with horror from the dream,
And, shudd'ring, found the lovely night
Adorn'd with Cynthia's loveliest beam.

At this I trembling press'd the ground,
And such a chasten'd pray'r preferr'd,
That Echo whisper'd back the sound,
As tho' she doubted what she heard.

Then swift I sought th' appointed grove,
Where soon I clasp'd the nymph divine;
But 'stead of urging lawless love,
Implor'd her to be wholly mine.

And soon ANSÉLMO heard us vow
That we would love but each alone,
And saw us, all devoted, bow
Before the sacramental throne.

And tho' no more she boast the veil
Which cover'd charms so sweetly fair,
None ever can the loss bewail,
For richer beauties sparkle there.

Yes, ever since that blissful day,
Her worth has ris'n beyond compute;
Nor has one blossom died away,
But has giv'n birth to lovelier fruit.

TO JULIA.

THO' scholars delight in their Latin and Greek,
And courtiers both French and Italian pursue;
Oh! surely the language which passion can speak,
Is far dearer to me, is far sweeter to you.

Ah yes! when I pour forth my amorous sighs,
I'll swear more than volumes of lore they impart;
While the answer you give from those languishing
eyes,
As deeply impresses this sensitive heart.

And then what can equal the lip's thrilling touch,
The press of the hand, and the melting embrace?
Oh, nought! for their exquisite pow'r is such,
That raptures they kindle, and sorrows efface

Yes, this is a language which all understand,
By the civiliz'd own'd, by the savage confess'd;
'Tis the standard of feeling in every land,
'Tis the language of nature—and therefore the
best.

TO ROSA,

ON HER REPROVING THE AUTHOR FOR GIVING WAY
TO THE DELUSIONS OF FANCY.

——— Voluptas
Solamenque mali ———.

VIRG. *Æn.* iii. ver. 660.

OH! were it not for Fancy's art
To blunt the edge of Sorrow's dart,
I were indeed o'erwhelm'd with care,
A prey to agoniz'd despair.
Yes, ROSA, yes, I have a mind
To ardent feeling so inclin'd;
So sweetly form'd for warm desires,
Whose thrilling influence ne'er expires;
That, being forc'd by fate to fly
From the bright glances of your eye,

Without some self-created joy
My drooping spirits to employ,
I had long since provok'd my doom,
And sunk distracted to my tomb.
Yet think not tho' thy witching form
Has plung'd my heart in passion's storm,
And tho' my wild affections prove,
That I was born alone to love ;
To give my heart and soul to thee,
Far more than heart and soul to me ;
Oh ! think not, that in fancied bliss
I e'en have stol'n a passing kiss ;
No ! tho' thy form I'd rather clasp,
Than hold an empire in my grasp ;
No ! tho' I'd rather wildly glow,
Lost in the soul's voluptuous flow,
O'er charms so exquisite as thine,
Than to possess a pow'r divine ;
Yet soul of all that's soft and fair,
I scorn to claim one transport there,
Which sacred honour must decry,
And virtue view with weeping eye.
Such is my love, and so inspir'd,
The scenes, by ardent fancy fir'd,

Are deck'd with such a tender hue,
As pity must with rapture view,
And throb with tears of fond delight
To make each tint more sweetly bright;
Thus warm'd by fancy's pow'rful glow,
I oft pourtray thee plung'd in woe;
I see that form, the shrine of love,
And soft as Venus' favourite dove,
Whose peace, alas! has trembling flown
From its most dear, delicious throne;
As a fair rose-tree, hang its head,
That mourns the bloom at winter fled,
While those pure orbs of liquid blue,
To chaste affection fondly true;
Like summer skies oppress'd with show'rs,
And bursting on a bed of flow'rs;
Bedew a foliage still more sweet,
Than e'er a summer sun did greet;
Then wildly rushing to your aid,
By passion's purest essence sway'd,
I mark once more that brow divine,
Where silken braids luxurious shine,
And ev'ry ringlet forms a part
Of that soft chain which binds my heart;

I mark it glow with raptures warm,
Triumphant o'er the raging storm.
Thus are my woes by fancy check'd!
Thus with delicious transports deck'd!
And such the joys which fancy yields,
Whene'er her magic wand she wields;
While on my mind so strong they rest,
That reason almost hails me blest:
Then do not blame me, nymph divine,
Tho' still I bend at Fancy's shrine,
And catching inspiration there,
Soar thro' the boundless realms of air;
Bidding a new creation rise,
Bespangl'd o'er with glitt'ring dyes;
For, be assur'd that virtue's spell,
Shall still on fancy's movements dwell;
And consecrate each fairy maze
Thro' which her sportive genius strays.

ON FEAR.

— Multos in summa pericula misit,
Ventusi timor ipse mali.

LUCANUS.

AH! who is he with haggard face,
Rushing with wild and furious pace,
From yonder dreadful scene;
Where Carnage clad in robes of blood,
And circled with a crimson flood,
Erects his ghastly mien?

Ah! now I know his spectre look!
'Tis FEAR! each nerve's with horror shook,

At such a scene of death !
Ah see ! while swift as light he flies,
How he darts back his half-clos'd eyes !
And, shudd'ring, gasps for breath !

But wherefore now his speed pursue,
When danger sinks before his view ?
Alas ! not thus with Fear !
Now fancy pictures shapes unknown,
On dire destruction madly prone,
And speaks their footsteps near !

Oh, heav'n ! and now his course he bends
To where yon precipice extends,
O'er an unfathom'd deep !
Oh, hold ! oh, hold ! 'tis vain ! 'tis vain !
His terrors still their pow'r maintain !
He gains the dreadful steep !

'Tis done ! the gulph receives its prey !
An awful proof when terrors sway

How sorely they mislead !
How oft imagin'd ills descry,
And grasp the fate from which they fly,
And only fly to bleed !

TO ROSA.

OH! why seems my ROSA the image of woe?
Oh! why does her bosom thus heave with a sigh?
Oh! why do her eyes with big drops overflow?
Oh! why does she thus ev'ry comfort deny?

Believe me, I ask from a sentiment pure,
Which nor fortune can alter, nor passion destroy;
A hope that I might your contentment ensure,
And dispel those dark clouds with the sunshine
of joy.

Oh! then what delight would my bosom possess,
Oh! then what bright rapture would beam in my
eye!
'Twould serve as a magical charm for distress,
And sorrow for ever my presence would fly!

Then say why you thus seem the image of woe ?

Then say why your bosom thus heaves with a
sigh ?

Then say why your eyes with big drops overflow ?

Then say why you thus ev'ry comfort deny ?

Nay, should I by flattering hope be deceiv'd,

Should I prove all unable to crown you with bliss ;
Still I'd number your sighs by the sighs which I
heav'd,

And wipe off each tear with a sorrowful kiss.

But your griefs thus unfolded I'm sure would decline,

Then deign, lovely ROSA, his pray'r to attend ;
Whose efforts to serve you will ever combine,
The warmth of a lover—the truth of a friend.

ANACREONTIC.

WHILE drowsy mortals slumb'ring lie,
Dull slaves to MORPHEUS' slothful pow'rs,
Tho' bless'd with life and loath to die,
Yet scarcely living half their hours ;
Let us, regardful how old time
Pursues his steadfast course sublime,
Still follow pleasure's smiling way,
And keep eternal holiday.

Tho' here no more APOLLO glows,
Think not he yields to MORPHEUS' call!
In other climes his lustre flows,
APOLLO never sleeps at all !

Then let the god our model be,
Let's daily hail his course with glee ;
And when his glorious beams decay,
As sweetly sport the night away.

ON SEEING A LADY

WITH A LITTLE BOY IN HER ARMS.

HEAUV'NS ! what a soft luxurious form !
What melting orbs of azure light !
What snowy tints and blushes warm,
With mingling lustre charm my sight !
While in her sleeping babe I trace
A miniature of every grace.

But see ! the beauteous urchin wakes,
And casting up an ardent gaze,
His living couch of joy forsakes ;
And with his ruby lips essays
To tread the flow'ry paths of bliss,
And suck a sweet ambrosial kiss !

And now, as if the wily boy
Sought to conceal a sight so fair ;
His rosy fingers snatch with joy,
The wreath of pearls which binds her hair ;
Whose radiant braids, now uncontroul'd,
Hang o'er him like a veil of gold !

Secluded thus, and bolder grown,
He steals his hand beneath the scarf,
Which modesty had o'er her thrown ;
Then draws it back with festive laugh,
And gives to view as sweet a breast,
As nymph e'er priz'd, or lover press'd !

Oh ! but I know that angel look,
Such beauties swim before my eyes !
I'd swear that VENUS had forsook
Her roseate mansion in the skies ;
And with young CUPID hither flown,
To fix on earth her glorious throne !

THE IMAGINARY BEAUTY.

— Nôris quam elegans formarum spectator siem.

TER. Eun. Act iii, Sc. 5.



OH ! would you behold the angelical maid,
Who unrivall'd presides o'er my heart ;
Let the bright beams of fancy your bosom pervade,
And embody the charms I impart ;
All other attempts to behold her is vain,
For no mortal enchantress is she ;
I created the nymph, and established her reign,
And I now will describe her to thee.

Her form it was cast in sweet JULIA's mould,
Her forehead is ADELINE's due ;
NERISSA supplied her with ringlets of gold,
And her eyes, they were furnish'd by SUB ;
She can boast the complexion of FLORA the fair,
With the cheeks of the delicate ROSE ;
Her ripe melting lips may with FANNY's compare,
And like SYLVIA's the pearls they enclose.

As AGNES', her temper is gracefully mild,
While her wit with ELIZA's may vie;
As ELLEN's, her passions are artlessly wild,
And sweet as LOUISA's each sigh ;
But oh ! when to love the dear girl inspired,
Like KITTY, her soul's up in arms ;
With each exquisite feeling her bosom is fir'd,
And new lustre enlivens her charms.

EPITAPH
ON AN INFANT.

As fav'rite plants are oft convey'd
To some secure luxurious shade,
So Heav'n has fix'd thy doom ;
Lest sin should blight thy budding charms,
The angels took thee to their arms,
Where thou wilt ever bloom.

TO JULIA.

DEAR Lady ! tempt not thus again !
Oh ! turn away those killing eyes !
Or all my resolution's vain,
Or all my boasted anger dies.

Oh ! sweet seducer ! must it be ?
And must I yield to those bright charms ?
Then since I am no longer free,
Oh ! chain me in your snowy arms.

TO TIME.

Mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.

HOR.

OH! fly! with sweetest speed, ye hours,
And calm this breast, where anguish low'rs!
And, with a look of sullen care,
Expecting waits the fiend Despair;
Oh, fly! once more, I charge thee fly!
And waft that happy moment nigh,
When she who rules my heart;
May in her wonted haunts appear,
And still the sigh, and check the bursting tear,
And with triumphant pow'r, supreme delight impart.

But why her absence thus bewail,
When smiling rapture bids her hail?
Would I not rather she were blest,
Tho' endless woe my soul opprest,
Than to ensure the brightest joy,
By aught that would her bliss destroy?
Else be my love my bane!
Then blast the pray'r distraction drew!
With flagging wings your future course pursue!
That pleasure o'er her heart may still exulting
reign.

THE COMPLAINT.

Est aliquid fatale malum per verba levare
Hoc querulam Halcyonenque Progen facit;
Hoc erat in solo quare Pœantias antro
Vox fatigaret Lemnia saxa sua.
Strangulat, inclusus dolor atque exœstuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.

OVID.

ALAS! alas! and is it so?
And must I bear this load of woe?
And must I feel that those I prize
Regard my deeds with jealous eyes;
And think the friendship which I bear
To her, who's loveliest of the fair,
Is but a mask, where lurks behind,
A motive of the basest kind?

Oh! could they read this bleeding heart,
Then would each character impart,
That such a flame alone is mine,
As fits an object so divine!
Yes! tho' I thrill with raptures warm,
Whene'er I view her beauteous form!
Yes! though I pour a melting sigh,
Whene'er the parting moment's nigh!
Yes! tho' when absent from her gaze,
My fancy oft her form pourtrays;
Tho' I delight her name to hear,
And join in praise of one so dear!
I swear 'tis nought but friendship's fire,
A friendship, which can ne'er expire!
Or be it love indeed I feel,
'Tis such, I blush not to reveal!
A love which bids me fondly glow
To dissipate each cloud of woe,
That threatens to disturb the rest
Which dwells within her hallow'd breast;
A love which bids me fondly aim
To rival PHAETON's boasted name;
And guide the sun of rapture's sky,
'To dry each tear that dims her eye;

And spread a sunshine thro' her mind,
By nature pure, by art refin'd ;
Creating with each glorious beam,
All truth can give, or fancy dream.

THE CRISIS.

As LYDIA, thrill'd with hope and fear,
Paus'd on the page where love was blest ;
Sly CUPID whisper'd in her ear,
What more inflam'd her swelling breast ;
“ Fair maid,” he said, “ delay no more,
“ Let love exert its soft controul ;
“ Oh, did you know the sweets in store,
“ You'd give to love your very soul.”

Just at that time a swain came by ;
I guess 'twas CUPID laid the snare ;
He gently breath'd an amorous sigh,
She, smiling, bade him not despair ;

And soon the nymph, on pleasure bent,
Crown'd with delight th' enamour'd youth;
Crying, with rapture nearly spent—
“ Oh ! little CUPID told the truth : ”

TO ROSA.

CEASE, ROSA, cease to blame my love,
Which, tho' it ere must hapless be ;
Still soars all other loves above,
And binds my very soul to thee.

Oh ! why attempt with cruel strife,
To cause this feeling to depart ;
Which, mingled with the stream of life,
Can die but with my breaking heart ?

Oh ! sure a mortal cannot err,
To worship one so all divine ;
And, scorning worldly pomp, prefer
To kneel at such an heav'nly shrine.

Believe me, sweet, I ask but this ;
To lay my choicest off'rings there ;
And taste the dear delightful bliss,
Thy kind approving smiles to share.

DIAN's SEAL.

IF e'er a maiden's lips be clos'd,
And DIAN's seal upon them laid ;
I've heard of some who have suppos'd
That nought a suitor's hopes can aid.

I grant that, like a common seal,
We should not break it ope by force ;
But list to me, and I'll reveal
As sure a way, a sweeter course.

Let love but breathe a burning sigh,
Around this seal in amorous play ;
And DIAN's wax, tho' form'd on high,
Like common wax will melt away.

TO A LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

'Tis said, that, as the heav'nly spheres
Pursue their destin'd round ;
They sweetly fill seraphic ears
With strains of heav'nly sound.

And now I know the tale is true ;
And, tho' of mortal birth,
I feel the strains are caught by you,
As one of heav'nly worth.

Ah, yes ! unless such notes divine
Entranc'd your list'ning ear,
In which the choirs of angels join,
With themes to virtue dear ;

Thou never could'st so sweetly shine,
O'er all the mortal throng;
And in thy human strains combine
E'en more than heav'nly song.

Oh! distant be that fatal day,
When lost in life's last storm,
That lovely frame must pass away,
For scarce a lovelier form.

But, when, 'midst heav'n's immortal train,
The paths of bliss you trace;
And thy probationary strain
Pour forth with mellow grace;

Be sure the glitt'ring hosts of light,
Soon as they catch the air;
Will swear you are the sweetest sprite
That ever warbled there.

THE LOOK.

Meminerunt omnia amantes.

OVID.

—

OH! think upon that look of thine,
Where all that's melting did combine ;
Which, when your lips were clos'd with fear,
You darted from those azure eyes,
Wafted on softly bursting sighs,
That serv'd to make it still more dear !

And now that rapture fires each soul,
And love can reign without controul ;

Oh, give that melting look once more !
Adorn'd with ev'ry warm caress,
Enrich'd with ev'ry sweet excess,
Which fancy told you meant before !

Oh ! quick unveil those glowing charms !
Then clasp me in your snowy arms,
And, fondling, whisper in my ear ;
All that your heart can feel so well,
All that you dearly wish to tell,
Yet blush to think that I should hear.

TO SYLVIA.

As when the sun emits its beams,
Tho' cast upon a barren waste ;
With brilliant tints the prospect teems
Delightful to the eye of taste ;

So ever where that form appears,
Fraught with a heart to feeling true ;
Some new-born grace the spot endears,
Caught from those charms that dwell with you.

TO A BIRD,

CONFINED IN A LADY'S BOSOM.

THOU silly bird! why flutter so,
Secur'd between those hills of snow;
Cherish'd in beauty's sweetest vale,
And warm'd by love's endearing gale?
Oh! were I safely nestled there,
I'd bid adieu to ev'ry care;
True, I might flutter like to thee;
But not one struggle to get free:
No! all in fond and amorous play,
Till I had sigh'd my soul away.

TO LOVE.

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.

TER. Eun. Act. ii. Sc. 3.

HENCE ! fatal love ! no more my breast
Shall harbour such a cruel foe
Who, the more closely he is press'd,
Plunges me deeper into woe.

No ! tho' led on by such a form,
As VENUS might with rapture own ;
With looks which speak a bosom warm,
Confin'd within her glitt'ring zone ;

Tho' he should glance with witching eyes ;
And in prophetic hints impart,
That such a maid should be my prize,
If I would clasp him to my heart ;

Tho' she should sweetly speak his praise,
And in luxurious fervour bend ;
And warble such enchanting lays,
That list'ning angels might attend ;

Still would I strongly bar my soul,
With chains of lovers' heart-strings made;
Whose tears should in sad discord roll,
Whose groans should ev'ry ear invade ;

While their pale spectres flitting by,
With looks of agoniz'd despair,
Should teach the very winds to sigh,
And bid me not to heed the pra y'r.

But wherefore this romantic strain ?
Am I indeed from passion free ?
And can I thus compos'd remain,
Nor yield again to love's decree ?

Alas! 'tis like the coward's vow ;
Who, while he trembles with affright ;
Swears that his courage ne'er shall bow,
Tho' death itself should blast his sight.

And oh ! like him I feel 'tis vain !

E'en flatt'ring hope my mind forsakes ;
For Fate declares love still must reign,
Until this wretched bosom breaks.

TO — — —.

Nos duo turba sumus —

OVID, Met. l. 355.

OH! were I on a desert shore,
And DELIA smil'd consent;
I'd seek the haunts of men no more,
But all the follies they adore
Resign with blest content.

Our home shall be some fairy cell,
Carv'd out by nature's hand;
Or, should we lack a spot to dwell,
I'd frame a cot in some sweet dell,
The most like fairy land.

For her I'd brave the dang'rous chace,
And till the rugged soil;
And hold one smile from that dear face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry lovely grace,
A rich reward for toil.

When Nature's wants were thus supplied,
Our pleasures we'd commence;
Now sportive climb the mountain's side,
Now on the plain in converse glide,
Enjoying soul and sense.

And when bright PHŒBUS' beams depart,
The wanton waves to kiss!
We'd press each other to the heart,
And all the thrilling joys impart
Of lovers plung'd in bliss.

Thus would we live, nor can I fear,
But that, when death came nigh;
That pow'r, who makes mankind his care,
Would, kindly list'ning to our pray'r,
Bid us together die.

THE WREATH.



How sweet the flow'rs which ROSA wears,
To decorate that brow divine,
Where CUPID's train the heart ensnares,
And bids it bend at beauty's shrine.

But see ! the wreath begins to fade !
Each tender blossom hangs its head ;
Their glowing tints are all decay'd,
Their grateful odours all are fled.

Nay, do not throw the wreath away,
For since, sweet girl, it bloom'd for thee,
Tho' now the semblance of decay,
It still possesses charms for me.

And tho' despoil'd of beauty now,
It suits not with a form so fair;
'Twill well become my mournful brow,
An emblem fit for my despair.

For while it caught admiring eyes,
As all its lovely charms were thine;
So now it withers, droops, and dies,
Its piteous state is truly mine.

TO STELLA.

OH STELLA! lovely in thy tears,
Oh come! and tell me all thy fears;
And I will dry those streaming eyes,
And I will check those bursting sighs,
And I will calm that troubled breast,
And fondly kiss thee to thy rest;
And then, when sweetly freed from pain,
I'll kiss thee into life again.

Oh STELLA! STELLA! come, my dear,
And let these melting scenes appear;
Oh let me see the god of sleep
Thus gently o'er thy beauties creep!

Then let me see thee wildly gaze,
While frolic pleasure round thee plays !
Till, rushing on from bliss to bliss,
We madly mingle kiss with kiss.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A STATUE OF FALCONER.

Ingenio stat sine morte decus.

PROPERT.

THUS once look'd FALCONER ; he whose glowing
muse

Display'd the wonders of the wat'ry world,
And the sad woes of them that wander there,
With more sublimity and sacred truth,
Than ever genius had display'd before ;
So speaks the laurel wreath which binds his brow,
Adorn'd with blossoms of the loveliest hue :
But, with a voice of more emphatic force,
Great NEPTUNE's anger speaks, who, with each
god

That ever rous'd to wrath the slumb'ring waves,

Enrag'd that mortal man should dare unfold
The dread effects of their destructive reign ;
Doom'd him to fathom Ocean's fatal womb,
And perish in the scenes he drew so well.

TO ———.



I've heard that, by a single glance,
Strange witchery is sometimes done;
And only by a look askance
Ladies have many a lover won.

I'll swear that it is so with you,
For, when I first confess'd thy sway,
Nox o'er your charms his curtain threw,
And left me but a faint display.

Nor ever since have I beheld
That fairy form, that angel face,
Nor, tho' by passion oft impell'd,
Or name or fortune can I trace.

Yet still I love thee, dear unknown,
And oh ! with fondness so replete,
That vacant still must be Love's throne,
Unless you come and take the seat.

ANACREONTIC.

OH! SHALL I say what magic art,
Can sweetly rouse the drooping heart ;
Hail Sorrow's slaves with Freedom's kiss,
And ripen rapture into bliss ?
'Tis nothing but the festive board
With brimming measures richly stor'd :
'Tis nought but rosy sparkling wine,
Possesses such a pow'r divine.

Oh briskly drain great BACCHUS' bowl,
And soon shall grief unchain the soul,
While Fancy's pinions, light as air,
Bear us beyond the realms of care,

To where APOLLO strikes the lyre,
Calling to life congenial fire,
And love and friendship hand in hand,
With heavenly joys our souls expand.

TO MISS ———.

ON HER EXPRESSING A WISH TO GO INTO A MONASTERY.

DEAR JULIA ! what a thought is thine,
To bend for ever at the shrine,
Of monkish superstition ;
Indeed, it is a crime, my life,
To be with nature thus at strife,
And scorn her warm petition.

At least you should a trial take,
Before you thus the world forsake,
Of nature's choicest blessing ;
And, when you thus can judge aright,
I'll swear, my girl, with fond delight,
You'll own 'tis worth possessing.

Come, let me your instructor be,
I'll teach you nought but extacy,
 The fruit of Love's devotion ;
As how to kiss, and how to toy,
And wake the very soul of joy,
 By such a sweet commotion.

TO A LADY.

— Manet alta mente repostum.
VIRG.

THO' I deserve your frowns severe
For being such a pilfering elf;
You sure should spare me, if 'tis clear,
You've done a greater crime yourself.

Then do not thus your slave dismiss;
Oh! bid me not in anger part;
I only stole from thee a kiss,
While you have robb'd me of a heart.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING A GENTLEMAN REMARK, THAT SOME
ORNAMENTS WHICH A LADY WORE MADE
HER LOOK PARTICULARLY
BEAUTIFUL.

HOLD, hold! what you take on yourself to aver,
I must take on myself to condemn;
Know, it is not those baubles add lustre to her.
It is she gives a lustre to them.

TO ROSA.

OH, ROSA ! now so far apart,
Say, do you ever think on me,
On one whose mind, on one whose heart
Can never cease to doat on thee ?

Ah yes ! when on the beach you stroll,
And view by CYNTHIA'S lovely light
The silver waves luxuriant roll
Still as the slumb'ring breeze of night,

You sure must think there's one whose mind,
That, doom'd thy beauties to adore,
Can never hope such peace to find,
Can never hope for calmness more.

And if you view the billows rise,
And wave lash wave with sullen bound,
While vivid lightning fiercely flies,
And pealing thunder bursts around,

You sure must feel, and feeling mourn,
That such the storms which shake my breast;
But which, tho' like to ocean torn,
Ne'er like to ocean sinks to rest.

ON THE AUTHOR

HEARING A SONG, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, SUNG AND
ACCOMPANIED BY A LADY.

OH heav'n! and can a theme like mine
Give birth to such a strain divine ;
Which bursts upon my list'ning ears,
As sweet as that which Fancy hears,
When journeying her midnight round,
She gazes with an awe profound
Upon the glitt'ring host above ;
And whelm'd in dreams of heav'nly love,
She marks the planets pour along
The liquid melody of song,
In grateful praise of that Almighty Cause,
Who guides their glorious orbs by never-erring
laws !

But hush, my heart! for now the strain
In melting measures flows again;
And all as exquisitely sweet,
As ardent fancy loves to greet,
When pausing on some rock that rears
Its summit over SATURN's tears,
She views the Genii of the stream
Illumin'd by faint LUNA's beam,
Soft breathing thro' their mystic shells,
Such dying falls, such thrilling swells,
As richly deck their pearly sides,
And all the pomp of mimic art derides,
And speak the pow'r of Him, who o'er the deep
presides.

Oh, Music! if thy mighty charm,
Can thus each gloomy care disarm,
And ev'ry tender passion fire,
In union with thy tuneful lyre;
Oh, I will ever with thee dwell!
And yielding to thy magic spell,
E'en poetry's delightful maze,
Where oft my wand'ring fancy strays,
Shall be with extacy resign'd;
Since in thy melody's combin'd

More than her loftiest numbers can pourtray,
When o'er the enamour'd soul she holds her brightest
 sway.

But is it truly Music's pow'r
Which wafts me thus to Pleasure's bow'r?
Oh ! say my heart, tho' sweet the strain
As ever kindled rapture's reign,
Would it my feelings thus expand,
If waken'd by another hand ?
Or thus my trembling soul rejoice,
If warbled by another voice ?
Ah, no ! in vain might ev'ry note
Upon the ear of passion float ;
But now, while harmony goes round,
Love gives enchanting grace to ev'ry sound,
And bids my swelling breast with thrilling joys re-
 bound.

TO ———.

WHEN PLATO, crown'd with infant grace,
Lay cradled in his nurse's arms,
Bees oft obscur'd his lovely face,
And thrill'd her bosom with alarms ;
The object of these wondrous trips,
To drop their honey on his lips.

This, sage diviners deeply scann'd,
And thus resolv'd the mystic sign :
“ Soon as his opening pow'rs expand
“ His eloquence shall be divine ;”
Which after times acknowledg'd true,
For sweet his words as honey'd dew.

I know not if thy tender youth,
 Receiv'd such soft luxurious aid;
But grant it did, I'll swear with truth,
 More richly is the gift repaid;
Since in no figurative sense,
Your sweet endowments you dispense.

Ah, no ! when fir'd with passion's zeal,
 I catch you to my throbbing breast ;
And feel each bliss I wish to feel,
 And sigh my flutt'ring soul to rest :
The honey you receiv'd, I find,
Each kiss repays the gift in kind.

THE
FAIRY QUEEN'S SONG.

COME forth ! ye Fairy elves, appear !
The Queen of Night her lustre sheds,
And decks with radiance softly clear,
The glitt'ring carpet FLORA spreads ;
Then let us to our pleasing toil,
And tripping o'er the emerald soil,
Give to the flow'rs a lovelier hue,
And 'noint them with a fresher dew—
Till merry mermaids chaunting
Upon the yellow shore ;
Shall with their sounds enchanting,
Bespeak our labour o'er.

Now will we brighter scenes disclose,
And while all nature breathes delight,
And ev'ry wave to music flows,
And boundless prospects charm the sight;
Extatic to our sports prepare,
And floating on the balmy air,
Still as we thread the mazy dance,
Briskly dart the wanton glance—
And when AURORA peeping,
Dissolves soft CYNTHIA's sway,
We'll into blue-bells creeping,
Conclude our roundelay.

TO ———.



NAY, Lady ! why exert your art,
To deck what nature made so fair,
And fashion's gayest charms impart,
In aid of beauty's tempting snare ?

Sweet Lady ! why that graceful band
Around your snowy brow intwine,
While ringlets, form'd by fancy's hand,
In soft luxuriant lustre shine ?

Oh, Lady ! when such dazzling charms,
Burst forth on the admiring sight ;
How hard to stifle love's alarms,
And check the feelings they excite !

But why pour forth this fond appeal ?

For while I urge the plaintive lay,
Such sickly tremblings o'er me steal,
As bear me from myself away.

Then, dearest lady ! hide that brow,

Where centres all that wakes desire ;
Or I shall break my solemn vow,
And love with more than friendship's fire.

TO A LADY.

WITH GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY OF "SHE STOOPS TO
CONQUER."



ACCEPT, dear object of my fond regard,
This favourite relic of thy favourite bard ;
Where sportive wit and generous feeling meet,
Commingling tears most warm, with smiles most
sweet ;
But while the poet's genius you confess,
Whose heroine stoops to conquer with success ;
Oh ! let the pitying voice of truth make known,
In lovelier strains than fancy's loveliest tone,
That not e'en GOLDSMITH'S skill could bring to
view,
How low I'd stoop, could I but conquer you.

TO — — —.

ON THE PECULIARLY DELICATE CONSTITUTION OF HER
INFANT SON.

DEAREST Lady! do not mourn,
Tho' your young and rising joy,
By affliction sorely torn,
Bids you ev'ry care employ.

Let reason, when your prospects low'r,
Gently whisper in your ear,
That the most delightful flow'r,
Takes the greatest pains to rear.

TO ———.



Oh ! why condemn my passion's zeal,
For one whose charms more sweets display,
Than Fancy swears those saints reveal,
Whose smiles create eternal day.

By heav'n ! the lustre of her eyes,
Lights up a form so wond'rous fair,
That angels well might leave the skies,
To come and pay devotion there.

THE GROTTA.

OH ! why does the grot, once so dear to my sight,
That absence my bosom with grief would oppress;
Now cease to afford me one beam of delight,
Or to throw into distance the clouds of distress ?

Oh ! why have the shells lost their colours so rare,
While the moss so fantastic is drooping its head ?
Oh ! why do the lilies forget to be fair,
Or the roses with blushes their fragrance to shed ?

Alas ! 'tis because my dear ELLEN is gone,
That the charms of the grot have thus sunk in
decay;
That the shells look unvaried, the flow'rs hang forlorn,
And their sweets, like their tints, are all wasted
away.

And now I can tell why where ELLEN appears,
All around her seems blest with a happier doom;
Why a brighter effulgence the prospect endears,
And lovelier colours, and richer perfume!

It is that those charms which in brilliancy vie,
And have once by the blaze of her beauties been
crown'd,
As soon as abandon'd will after her fly,
Still decking the spot where the maid's to be
found.

TAKING THE VEIL.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WITH A VEIL.


THO' dearer far than life I prize,
To hear thee breathe love's melting note,
And catch the music of thy sighs,
Which with delicious fervour float;
Yet still I'll waft on passion's gale,
Oh! take, my love, Oh, take the veil!

Yes, take the veil, and hide those charms,
Oh! hide them, sweet, from all but me;
But when I woo thee to my arms,
Oh! court them to encircle thee;
And echo back on passion's gale,
Oh! take my love, Oh, take the veil!

And I will take the veil, sweet maid ;
And throwing it with joy aside,
Adorn thee with a richer shade,
A veil that serves not to divide ;
While both pour forth on passion's gale,
Oh, who would pause to take the veil !

THE LYRE.

AH! what avails it, tho' the voice of fame
No longer seem my loving lays to scorn !
Ah, what avails it, tho' my humble name
Be doom'd to shine in ages yet unborn!

I only aim one beauteous breast to fire !
I only wish one voice my themes to prize !
I only seek to harmonize my lyre,
That I may triumph in BELINDA's eyes !

But, oh ! from all I wish she still refrains,
She, smiling, doubts the sorrows I profess ;
Or since they bring to life such tender strains,
She laughing cries, she cannot wish them less.

Then hence, my lyre, and as your best rewards,
Are, after this, unworthy of my care ;
Thus, thus I tear away your treacherous chords,
With one last note of anguish and despair.

TO ROSA.

OH! never heed AURORA's ray,
Believe me envious of thy charms,
He steals upon us ere 'tis day,
To tear thee from my longing arms.

And yet methinks it must be morn;
Yes, hie thee closer, love! to me;
For, oh! it is our meeting's dawn,
And so I cannot part with thee.

Nay, do not, sweet! my court refuse,
Let not my amorous warmth displease;
Oh! who would pause a day to lose,
In such extatic joys as these!

TO MORPHEUS.

HEAR, MORPHEUS! god of mimic death,
Oh! steep thy poppies in my bowl,
And with thy soporific breath,
Breathe sweet oblivion thro' my soul.

For what is life when doom'd to bear
The absence of that nymph divine,
Whose smiles can chase the clouds of care,
And bid the beams of rapture shine?

Alas! 'tis like a desert drear,
By noxious weeds and thorns o'errun;
A sea, where nought but rocks appear,
A very world without a sun!

Then, MORPHEUS, deign to hear my pray'r,
And till the lovely nymph's return,
Oh ! let me that oblivion share,
For which my tortur'd spirits burn.

Or rather, while my sorrows rest,
Let ROSA's form before me glow ;
And thus by fiction make me blest,
Tho' truth can yield me nought but woe.

Nor e'er dissolve these mingled charms,
Oh, ne'er these dear delights dismiss,
Till I can change, in ROSA's arms,
Ideal joy for real bliss.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER

INTENDED FOR INIS.

——— Scribere jussit amor

OVID. Ep. iv. ver. 10.



* * * * *

YES, one wish more I dare reveal,
Which none should know, save those who feel ;
A wish that lovers will revere,
But all but lovers scoff to hear ;
It is, that at the midnight hour,
When sleep unnerves the arm of pow'r,
You'll fix upon fair CYNTHIA's face,
Those azure eyes of heavenly grace ;
And forward to the moon a kiss,
With tears of rapture, sighs of bliss,
And such a blush as still succeeds,
When beauty melts, and passion pleads :

For at that hour will I be found
Attentive to the coming sound,
And by the aid of fancy, then,
Draw from the moon thy kiss again;
And think I feel each blissful tear,
And catch the sighs to passion dear,
And view a blush of equal pow'r
To that you shed in that dear bow'r,
When yielding up my heart to thee,
You gave your very soul to me.

* * * * *

ANACREONTIC.

HENCE, bear away this shallow bowl,
Unfit for my capacious soul ;
I am overwhelm'd with grief,
And would gain a full relief ;
Then bring me, boy, a bowl as vast
As ever mighty VULCAN cast
For heroes, when their toil is done,
To celebrate the triumphs won.
Yet, let not scenes of war deface
The ore, which forms the pond'rous vase ;
But all around the swelling frame
Let sweetest scenes of rapture flame ;
Be there display'd the sable vine,
With striplings flush'd with rosy wine,

And maidens with their zones unbound,
Tripping along the velvet ground,
In search of some enchanting grove,
Form'd for the dear delights of love ;
While others in fantastic roll,
Twine the rich clusters o'er the bowl,
And CUPID with his wings of snow,
Forces the luscious spoil to flow ;
Which bursting from its opening cells,
May seem to form the tide which swells
Throughout the bowl's extended space,
Mantled with ev'ry purple grace ;
And, oh ! around the interior side.
Let bathing graces seem to glide,
And wanton in luxurious shapes,
Amid this juice of gushing grapes.
By Jove ! you bring the very bowl,
Which danc'd before my wishful soul ;
But who is he, whose haggard face,
Scowls at the bottom of the vase ?
Oh ! now I catch the bold design,
Tis Sorrow drown'd in laughing wine ;
Then let me imitate the deed,
Which sportive fancy has decreed ;

.

Yes! I will quaff the brilliant stream,
The patron of bright fancy's dream ;
Yes! I will quaff this flood of heav'n,
Which glorious BACCHUS thus has giv'n ;
Till I have quaff'd each sparkling wave,
And made this bosom sorrow's grave.
'Tis done, and now, oh ! let me fly
To give to love the votive sigh ;
'Tis she, the nymph with looks of fire ;
Yet sweetly beaming soft desire ;
'Tis she, whose silken tresses flow
In ringlets o'er her brow of snow ;
'Tis she, whose pouting lips invite,
The kiss that barterers in delight ;
Whose tender blooming cheeks disclose
The lily grafted by the rose ;
In whose enchanting breast we trace
E'en more than a voluptuous grace ;
While the soft folds of her attire,
Speak all a lover can desire ;
'Tis she who courts me to her arms,
The queen of love, the queen of charms ;
Then let me make no more delay,
But like the light'ning wing away,

.

And taste the exquisite excess,
That centres in her warm caress ;
And from her panting charms inhale,
The balmy breath of beauty's gale ;
And gather each delicious flow'r,
Which blooms in beauty's fragrant bow'r ;
Commingling at that heavenly shrine,
The mighty joys of love and wine.

TO CUPID.

OH, CUPID ! deign to hear my pray'r,
Nor plunge thy votary in despair,
Tho' I implore for that behest,
Which most can make this bosom blest ;
Nay, little god of amorous sighs,
Leave thy fall quiver where it lies ;
I ask not for a flaming dart
To hurl at beauty's icy heart ;
But give, oh give those snowy wings,
Which fancy paints, and rapture sings,
Oh ! give them but for one short hour,
That I may fly from beauty's pow'r.

CUPID's REPLY.

IF by this gift, I thought indeed
You would from passion's toil be freed ;
Still might you supplicate in vain,
And I would glory in your pain,
Nor e'er, by idle pity prone,
Aid such a traitor to my throne ;
But well I know that female charms,
And all that waken love's alarms,
By fancy pictur'd to the view,
Appear to bear a lovelier hue,
Till weakest colours brightly shine,
And mortal beauties seem divine ;

Take then, these wings, and wildly aim
To quench by flight thy passion's flame ;
But ere yon sun-beams ocean kiss,
And lovers hail the hours of bliss ;
While fairies form a magic ring,
And many a tender requiem sing,
Around the wretched lover's grave
Whom worth nor constancy could save :
Strewing from every airy hand,
The sweetest flow'rs of fairy land ;
Be sure you will more fondly grieve,
To greet the nymph whom now you leave ;
And beg these wings, with swifter flight,
May bear you to her lovely sight,
And be thro' each succeeding hour,
A greater slave to beauty's pow'r.

TO JULIA.

OH! why should JULIA's heavenly face,
So form'd with each enchanting grace,
Bear witness to a trembling breast,
By pleasure shunn'd, by grief oppress'd?
Oh let no more the tearful sigh
Dim the bright lustre of your eye;
Oh, suffer not the hand of care
To pluck the rose that blossoms there;
Tho' oft APOLLO's brightest ray,
Before the tempest's wrath decay;
And tho' the garden's loveliest boast,
Spring up amid an hostile host;

Oh ! sure the sunshine of the fair,
No envious storms should e'er impair ;
The rose by female beauty borne,
Should blossom still without a thorn.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

———— Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi ———.

HOR. Sat. iii. 1. 1. ver. 18.

As late upon a bed of flow'rs,
I laugh'd away the laughing hours,
With, oh ! a more delicious maid
Than frolic fancy e'er display'd ;
While twining roses met our view
As if to shew what we should do ;
And gentle zephyrs murmur'd by
As if to teach us how to sigh ;
Methought by many an artful wile,
For sweet the maiden seem'd to smile,

That I might so inflame that breast,
Just peeping o'er her sparking vest,
That she would give my muse to sing,
The raptures that from beauty spring,
When lighted by Affection's fire,
Young Passion weds with warm Desire.
Nor when I dar'd disclose my suit,
Did truth my fancied hopes refute
For soon I led the yielding fair
By gentlest words and tenderest care,
From granting first a sidelong kiss,
To the more dear delightful bliss,
With which the melting soul's replete,
When lip meets lip in kisses sweet ;
But when with all the glowing zeal
That art can feign or passion feel,
Assur'd she meant to yield to me,
The sweetest bud on beauty's tree,
I press'd the nymph with warmest tone
To prove herself, indeed, my own ;
She started from my glowing arms,
Then clasp'd around her snowy charms,
And flew across the flowery lawn,
Like fairy sprite of fancy born ;

Still darting back a smiling leer,
Which gall'd more deep than frowns severe,
And crying, as she skimm'd the ground—
“ My zone was loosen'd not unbound ;
“ And thanks be to your kind endeavour,
“ It now is more secure than ever.”

TO A LADY.

Moniti meliori sequamur.

VIRG.

WHILE others drain the sparkling bowl,
And listen to the wanton jest,
Boasting the exquisite controul,
Of Folly's pow'r to make them blest ;

Let us exchange the secret sigh,
And touch by stealth the trembling hand;
And whisper with the glancing eye,
What none but us can understand.

Oh ! what sweet thoughts do sighs proclaim !
Oh ! what expression in a touch !
And then the look—the look of flame !
Tongues cannot utter half so much.

TO A NUN.

WERE it not better, pretty RUTH,
Instead of telling beads, forsooth,
 To number burning kisses ?
And 'stead of kneeling at yon shrine,
To have me fondly own thee mine,
 And pay my vows with blisses ?

Indeed it will be better sport
To sweetly mix in pleasure's court,
 And yield to her emotions ;
And whatsoever now you feel,
Trust me you'll glow with greater zeal,
 Engag'd in such devotions.

TO A LADY,

ON HER TELLING THE AUTHOR THAT HE WAS QUITE
OUT OF HER BOOKS.

HOLD, hold, dearest angel ! it cannot be so ;
Nay, so large an account to your kindness I owe,
That all efforts to close it are vain ;
For should I be paying you back all my years,
So mighty the balance against me appears,
I still must your debtor remain.

TO ROSA.

—— Intus et in jecore ægro,
Naseuntur Domini ——

PERS. Sat. v. 129.

—
NAY, ROSA, blot from thought that hour,
When flying from those heavenly charms,
I seem'd to scorn their mighty pow'r,
And woo another to my arms.

Convinc'd my love for you was vain,
I own, impell'd by frenzied care,
I hop'd some small relief to gain,
From one more kind, tho' not so fair.

But, oh! too soon I found thy sway
Pursued me where my folly flew;
And Art but fram'd resolves to stay,
While Passion drove me back to you.

Ah, yes ! I bring thee back a heart,
Which trust me, love ! was ne'er estrang'd ;
And which, till life itself depart,
Tho' ever cross'd, can ne'er be chang'd.

TO A LADY,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY HE NEVER WROTE
ANY VERSES IN HER PRAISE.

OH! why is VENUS' lovely child,
By Poets of his eyes beguil'd?
Oh! why do they young CUPID draw
As tho' the urchin never saw?
It is that their most glowing lay,
Never could such charms pourtray;
It is that none could e'er devise,
How to paint such lovely eyes;
Having thus this truth express'd,
Oh! sure my motive stands confess'd;
Ah, yes! you now must plainly see
Why I never sung of thee.

TO JULIA.

WHEN Fortune hurls her fatal dart,
And thrills the mind with awful dread,
Eidding each lovely scene depart,
Which visionary Fancy spread ;

Who does not pant for Lethe's stream
To deeply quench their sorrow's thirst,
That all might vanish like a dream,
That all might like a bubble burst ?

Not such the wish which governs me ;
Tho' every hope has long gone by,
I would not lose one thought of thee,
For ought that dwells beneath the sky

Tho' when I wake, my bosom glows
 With deeply agoniz'd despair ;
Tho' when I sleep, the tear-drop flows,
 Mourning the loss of one so fair.

By Heav'n, I'd not those pangs dismiss,
 Since you are plac'd my hopes above ;
For all the joy, for all the bliss,
 That ever crown'd successful love.

TO ———.

FOR shame, my love, to mock me so,
To bid me kiss, and then cry—"no;"
For shame to dart those looks of fire,
And then to scoff my warm desire;
Nay, do not chide, but give a kiss,
That may dissolve me into bliss;
Nay, do not frown, but yield a glance
That may my very soul entrance;
Oh ! let me on those hills recline,
Which in luxurious pomp combine
Far purer white, far lovelier veins,
Than choicest marble e'er contains ;

While, oh ! so dimply soft they feel,
And such rich hues their heights reveal,
That fancy likens each gay mound,
To painted bud on velvet ground ;
Oh ! let me revel in those arms,
Careless of all but love's alarms ;
And while those beauteous hillocks rock
As trembling with an earthquake's shock,
Not rous'd by nature's furious ire,
But by Affection's gentle fire.
Oh ! let me trace that brow of snow,
And all the charms that lurk below,
More lovely by the graceful shade,
Thy hyacinthine locks have made,
Which sweetly threaten, thus undone,
To bind the slaves those eyes have won.

TO — — —.

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

VIRG.

I LOVE thee much, had rather die,
Than thorns thy path should spread ;
And yet, by this heart-rending sigh,
And yet I wish thee dead.

I know to see thee in thy grave,
Would drive me to despair ;
And yet, nor think I idly rave !
And yet I wish thee there.

Oh, Heav'n ! what madness in each line !
Dear girl, the crime forgive ;
Tho' I can never call thee mine,
I'd have thee ever live.

TO ———.

—————

To gaze upon that beauteous form,
To drink that sweet enchanting strain,
Plunges my heart in passion's storm,
And bids delicious madness reign.

Then do not, love, my presence fly,
Oh! let not silence seal thy lip;
But give, oh, give, in passion's sigh,
Such nectar as a god might sip.

TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

CEASE, fair mourner, cease to languish
O'er that babe no longer thine,
Let the thought assuage thy anguish,
That she now is all divine.

As engag'd in tender duties,
You beheld her charms unfold,
Well you know, her lovely beauties
Scarcely seem'd of mortal mould.

Blooming thus, the saints beheld her
From their roseate mansions fair,
Fondly owning none excell'd her,
Fondly wishing she was there.

Till at length the angels given
O'er this earthly orb to roam,
Finding one so fit for heaven,
Bore the lovely cherub home.

THE DREAM.

Dolce cose a vedere, é dolci inganni.

ARIOSTO.

OH! WHAT a dream of soft delight,
To charm away the gloom of night !
Oh ! yet again, dear vision, rise,
That sweetly rous'd with fond surprize
I still may clasp that snowy form,
With love's enchanting passion warm ;
Once more with madd'ning bliss behold
Those eyes of fire, those braids of gold,
Those playful hills, with rose buds crown'd,
Near nature's loveliest valley found,

Those pouting lips, of deeper die,
Breathing a fond voluptuous sigh ;
And murmuring, in sounds divine,
“ My life ! my love ! I'm only thine ! ”

THE ROSE.

Is this the Rose which lately shone
On HELIODORA's breast?
Ah! then its tints may well have flown,
Since now no more carest;
And lost to all its fragrant bloom,
Seem sinking to an early tomb.

Thus when I sweetly wanton'd there,
Soft rapture thrill'd my heart;
But all was chang'd to dark despair
When doom'd by fate to part;
Yes, banish'd from her heavenly eye,
Oh! like to thee, I droop and die.

ON THE ATTRACTIONS

OF BEAUTY AND VALOUR.

Ubi mel, ibi apes.

PLAUTUS.

PROUD man may vows be making still,
Resolving nought shall shake 'em,
But let him try whate'er he will,
At Beauty's glance he'll break 'em.

SWEET woman too may pledges give,
Determin'd to maintain 'em,
But while the charms of woman live.
The brave are sure to gain 'em.

TO ———.

NAY, weep no more, my dearest love,
Did diamonds drop from those soft eyes,
I'd hold thy comfort far above
Each costly gem, each glitt'ring prize.

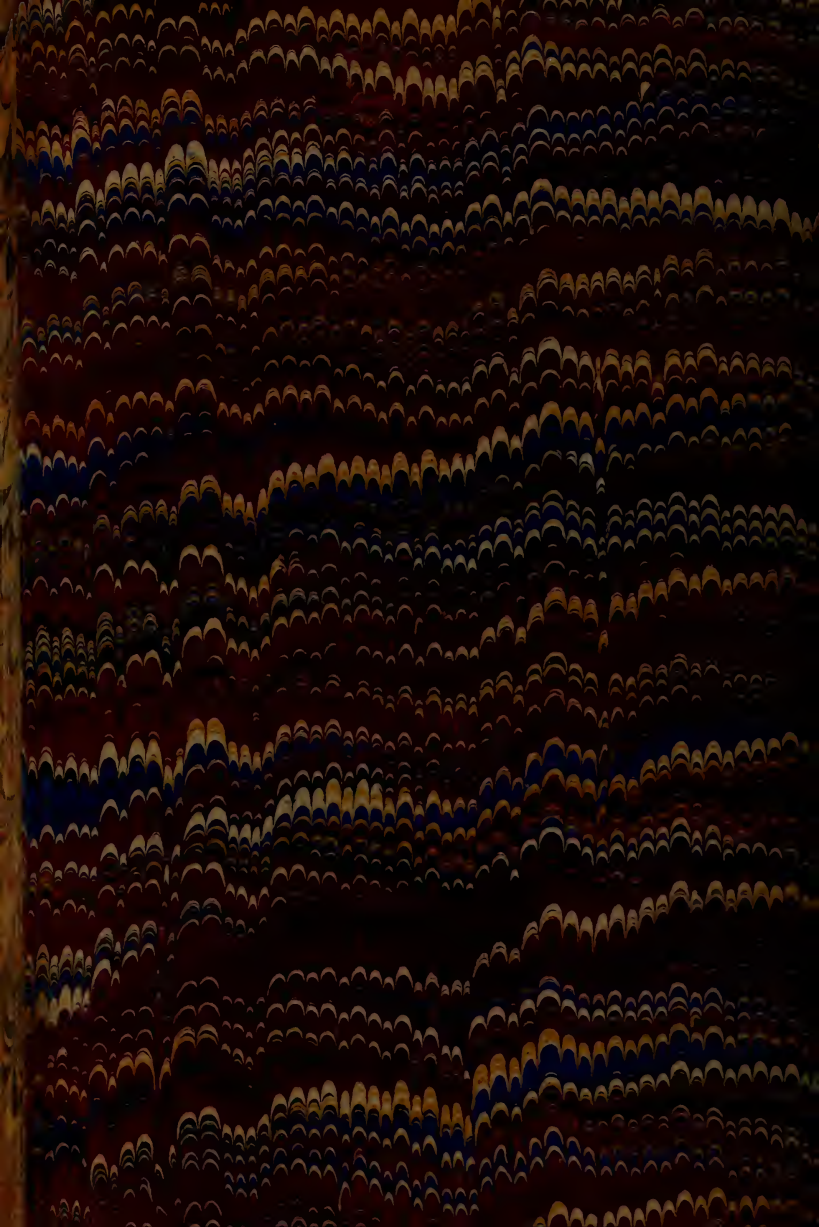
Ah, yes! let Fortune blast my views,
This still shall be my fond decree;
Tho' for thee I no world can lose,
I would not take a world for thee.

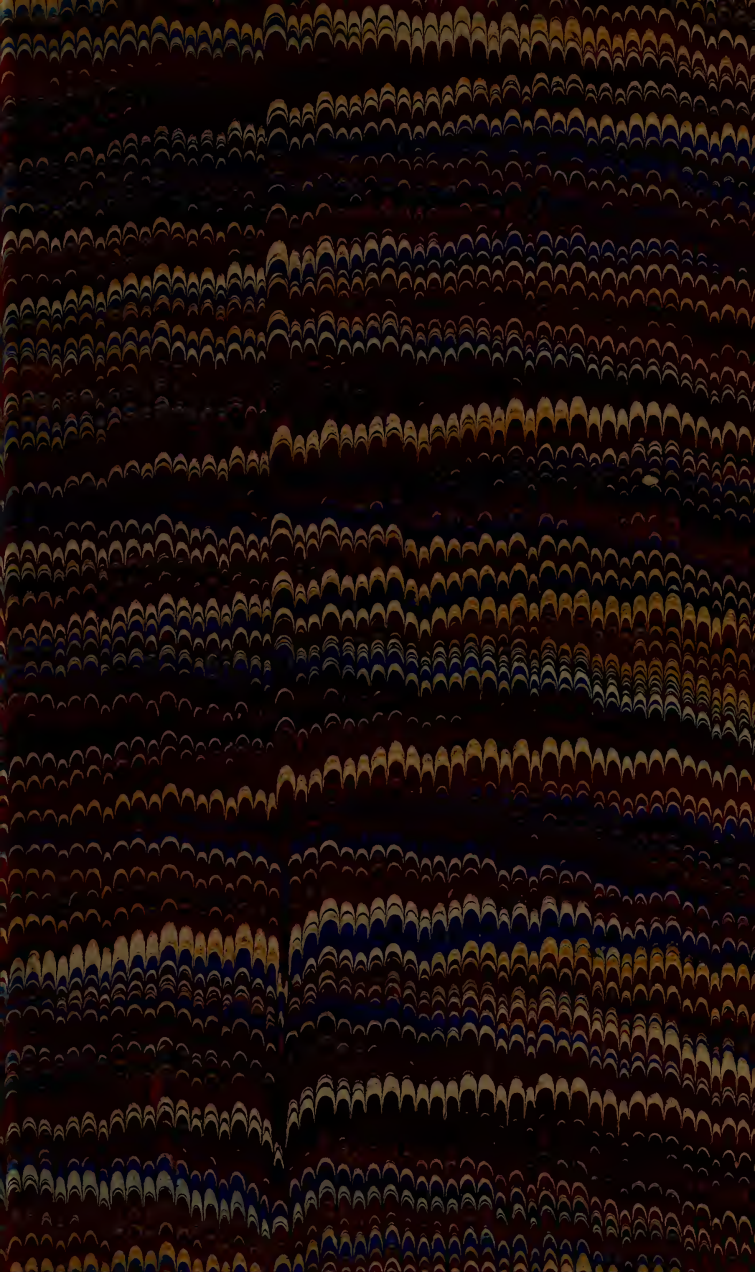
JULIA.

OH! what's the nectar BACCHUS sips
Compar'd to JULIA's melting lips?
Oh! what the diamonds mortals prize
Compar'd to JULIA's sparkling eyes?
Or roses sweet, tho' steep'd in dew
To blooming JULIA's blushing hue?

Oh! not dear VENUS' pearly vest
Can vie with JULIA's snowy breast!
Oh! not the down on VENUS' dove
Is half so soft as her I love;
And, oh! for me she slacks her zone,
And cries, "These beauties are your own."

FINIS.





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